TIMES-VIRGINIAN

In The Heart of Virginia's Dark Tobacco Belt
Appomattox, Virginia
ESTABLISHED 1892

Calvin H. Robinson — — Editor and Publisher

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Member VIRGINIA PRESS ASSOCIATION

EDITORIALS

An editor with a lot on his mind often fails to get around to writing Editorials. You put it aside, and of a sudden it is too late. We should know! So, most of the time, we fill most of our editorial space with the selected opinions of other editors. We make for excuse for the practice, for we know of few things more informative than a weekly round-up of carefully chosen editorial opinion.

But this week is an exception. It is National Newspaper Week. The least any editor could do on such a Week is compose his own editorials. That we try to do on this page today

NATIONAL
NEWSPAPER
WEEK

"Mourn not for the dead,
Who in the soft earth lie;
Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust,
Even as you and I;
Mourn rather for the cowardly meek,
Who know the world's wrongs,
but dare not speak."

This is National Newspaper Week. We have an over-abundance of "Weeks." The thing is over done. Mayors, Governors and even the President, keep busy signing proclamations for "special weeks." In October there will be about fifteen.

Newspaper is written in the way of life of the American people, not in proclamations. A free press is the cornerstone of what we have and are.

Consider this: Some wondered at the fanatical bravery of the North Korean Reds. Wave after wave of them, even as had the Japs during World War II, charged to certain death. Why? Because their minds had been twisted and they believed they were doing a wonderful thing to save their homes and families from horrible invaders! The Reds did not have a free press. They believed what they saw in black and white, not knowing that it was all twisted up. Even this week, the Red Koreans were being told of great battles for Seoul, and other phantoms of the imagination. Try it the other way around: Suppose our newspapers and radio told us that an enemy had invaded California, had ravaged her cities and people, and was dashing on toward the Mississippi! What panic would grip us. How frantically we would muster every weapon and—we too—in waves would charge into the mouths of machine guns! Where there is no freedom of the press, you can create a fanatical army of fabulous heroism—for any cause, right or wrong!

American newspapers are free!

American newspapers survive not by handouts or subsidies, but by their sheer competitive merit! They are accepted as accurate and they have the faith and good will of the public. Business spends millions of dollars to have its advertising published in American newspapers, because it is easily the best and the cheapest way to sell goods! Americans believe in their newspapers. A number of papers have editorial policies and creeds with which we are in complete disagreement; but the news columns are something else and we even glory in the right of the guy who publishes editorials with which we disagree

So, this National Newspaper Week, the newspapers of American newspapers come before you asking no favors and proudly independent; and pro ud, too, to part of a great and basic principle which has made the American way of life possible. Many things change from time to time and generation to generation. Freedom of the press must never change.

POSITION IN THE PAPER

We would not know about the Editorial page, but we venture to state that several other pages in our newspaper are read more closely than the front page. So we agree with the following from the Newton, N. C. Catawba News-Enterprise:

"Time was, said the editor of the Ticonderoga, New York, newspaper recently, when news was brought into the newspaper office with the request that it be given a "front page position." That attitude is rapidly passing, and the request now is usually for a "good spot."

"The reason for this, the editor continued, is that with improved make-up and attention to the inside pages of a newspaper, oftentimes they are more closely read than the front page.

"It has been interesting to note that, while the average reader will give the front page a cursory glance, the closest attention often turns immediately to an inside page. The comics often engage the reader first. Many readers turn directly to sports,and women readers often turn to the society page or "personal" columns.

"In a number of instances (and these readers warm the edit orial writer's heart,) the editorial page gets primary attention. Many readers turn directly to columns in which they are particularly interested, and many give the advertisements first attention.

"In short, there are as many different reading habits as there are readers. But in the individual, the pattern usually persists from paper to paper.

"Because of these facts, it seems here that the New York newspaper editor correctly interpreted the modern trend—'give me a good spot' because the time is definitely here when every page of a newspaper must have eye and reader appeal to meet the demand of the public.

"Which is the best page usually depends upon the nature of the material, and the class or group of readers to which it is directed."

TOAST OF THE TOWN

So great is the American stage, that like a mo h around a flame, you twinkle and strut in the limelight a moment and they yield the spotlight to others. But that one moment in the American spotlight! It is the dream of millions! It is a fabulous thing, and once achieved is precious for all time to the person or persons invo.d—as the public rushes on to crown new heroes. Consider the Phillies.

The Phillies are the entry of the City of Brotherly Love in the National League. The Phillies won the pennant in 1915. Since then they lounged in the basement, slept in the cellar—they lost ball games.

The Philadelphia American League team games and pennants occasionally—and Connie ack became a great man. But not the Phils. They cowered under the cognomen of The Phutile Phils! No less.

Then a year or so ago, new faces appeared among the Phillies. Herb Pennock helped with the front office for new owners. And the lowly Phils moved up. The pennant seemed won two weeks ago. Then came the Korean war to take one of their best pitchers; other players showed the wear and tear of a tough campaign—and what ten days ago appeared a safe lead, all but vanished.

And so it was that the last game of the schedule came up, and the Phillies nee . victory to grab their first pennant in 35 years! And who in the pathway, blocking the door? Ah, the powerful Bums of Brooklyn! The Mighty Dodgers! One of the great teams of baseball!

And so it was, that when the lads from the cellar, the Phutile Phils came through in a thrilling season-final game, the nation took them to its expansive if fickle heart.

Meet the heroes: the Phillies!

But, ah, fame is fleeting! Now the world series— and now to face the awesome New York Yankees! Pity our young heroes! If they lose, some will pass it up by saying: well, you are not supposed to beat the Yanks anyway. But, if the miracle happens and the Phillies down the Yanks, in the world series, there will be no way out but a Sawyer - Roberts ticket.

FOR 19 YEARS!

Since we are "talking shop" as a part of National Newspaper Week, we may mention that another September has gone by. To us, that means that we have put into the record books another year of newspaper publishing. The present publisher of the Times-Virginian came to Appomattox in September, 1931. So, for 19 of its 58 years, the paper has been under its present ownership.

Lest we take any credit for the fact that the Times-Virginian has grown since 1931, let us observe that about everything else in Appomattox has grown since 1931! What we have been trying to keep pace! This year we will use about six times as much newsprint paper in publishing this newspaper as was used in 1931. We think that ratio of increase is typical of the growth of our community.

Nineteen years in Appomattox! May we find the strength to keep on a few more years!

And may we continue to grow as our community grows. We have no desire to go back to the economic conditions of 1931. But we are exceeding proud to be one of a generation which pulled itself out of the stagnant mire of depression.

ASIA'S POPULATION

Hope that the status of the war effort in Korea portends a settlement of the vexing situation will run strongly in most American minds.

It would be a horrible tragedy if the United States, with or without United Nations support, was drawn into a war with the great masses of humanity on the Asiatic mainland.

It would be a war different from anything in our history. There could be no winner.

Many Americans do not realize the vast number of teeming millions in Asia. A recent poll asked the public about the population total of China. Twenty-one per cent thought it was less than 100 million! Twenty-six per cent answered quite frankly that they had no idea: just did not know. The correct answer was 462 million!

But, leaving aside our ignorance; consider, if you will, the fabulous mass of humanity of China! Four hundred and sixty-two millions of people. Three times the population of the United States!

And to that add the more than 300 million in India; the others in Thailand, Indochina, Koorea, and the nearly 100 million in Japan! And add in Siberia.

We have no manpower for any such war. We have nothing to win, everything to lose.

We are inclined to favor the UN effort to unite all of Korea peacefully and south under one government. UN troops may have to remain in Korea until things settle down sufficiently to have an election and to build up a true government. And if other Red forces attack in Korea, they shall have to be met. But we can think of more fighting will not be necessary, and above all, we hope that nothing will draw us into a war with the main body of Asia's teeming population.

AN ITEM ON PASTORS

Your editor is the son of a minister of the gospel, and is partial to all of that occupation. We are "for" all ministers—of whatever faith.

Liberty Baptist Church, here at Appomattox, is one of the countless churches blessed with outstanding ministers. When the writer came to Appomattox in 1931, the lovable W. M. Thompson was pastor at Liberty. He was a successful pastor during times of hardship and depression. He was followed by Dr. M. A. MacLean. Here was a genuine scholar, a gifted pulpit orator and a cheerful soul. And after him, the church was so fortunate as to secure as its pastor, that peerless orator and talented Virginian, H. Fred. erick Jones. His wholesome love of his fellow man and his talents as a preacher made his retirement from the active ministry a loss to his denomination. Then in 1946, Liberty secured as pastor, the Rev. J Marshall Walker, shining light among the younger ministers in the Baptist denomination. The Rev. Walker is Appomattox with the enthusiasm of youth, the talents of skill and personality, and the training provided by outstanding schools. These assets he devoted with all vigor to the activity of the church and the community. His enthusiasm was matched by the confidence and faith of his congregation, and accomplishments succedded each other in rapid file. It is with regret that we hear that Liberty Church is to lose its pastor, who feels called to accept the leadership of another congregation. He will have our prayers and highest regards as he leaves Appomattox.

We trust that the high standards set by such shepherds as Thompson, MacLean, Jones and Walker may become a criterion.

These words apply with equal bearing to other congregations in our town and county. Truly, if we go to pot, it will not be for any fault of the Under Shepherd!

Subscription rate: $1.50 a year; payable in advance.

Play safe—drive carefully.

Duke will play Tennessee Saturday.

Phillies' pitching staff weakened for world series test.

Phone 30 with Personals.

FREEZER LOCKERS
ENABLE FARMERS TO
SLAUGHTER EARLY

Freezer lockers, and facilities for cooling refrigeration, have made it possible for farmers to slaughter animals at their best rather than waiting for cold weather.

George ..arring, animal husbandman at V. P. I., says beef animals are likely to be at their best for slaughter either when they come off grass in September or early October, or after several months of grain feeding in January or February.

He warns farmers not to delay slaughtering grass-finished animals too long. At the time of slaughter, animals should be gaining in weight, as grass-finished animals should be killed before pasture becomes scarce and of low quality.

Animals that will grade "Good" at time of slaughter produce an excellent product for home use. They have enough finish for quality, and are not wasty. Two-year-olds, yearlings, or early calves of beef breeding are all good. Older animals have more beef flavor; younger ones may be more tender.

Heifers are satisfactory for farm slaughter—they fatten earlier than steers and usually have less sale value. Winter and early spring heifer calves of beef breeding that weigh about 600 pounds in the fall are good for farm slaughter. Calves of dairy breeding, however, are best slaughtered as veal, usually at a weight of about 180 pounds.

Cool the beef carcass quickly after slaughter. If the weather won't cool the meat, get it to refrigeration.

Herring warns against overloading locker boxes. Home units are built primarily for storage; and while they may do an acceptable job of freezing a limited number of packages, they won't quick - freeze packages packed tightly. Packages for freezing should be cooled before they are put in the unit, and then properly spaced.

"A WORD TO THE WISE"
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Then See Your
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SCRIPTURE: Matthew 20:20-28; 1 Peter 5:1-4
DEVOTIONAL READING: 1 John 3:1-12

Giving Yourself
Lesson for October 8, 1950

"WHEN a girl throws herself away on a man, she usually takes pretty careful aim." That may be so; but more than few persons throw themselves away without taking aim at all. They amble through life, they do not march. They have no personal five-year plans, not even five - week plans. They stumble from one day to the next, they live from hand to mouth. They care for nobody and feel no care for them. They are found on Skid Row, living on a handout to another, or they may be found in the Silver Spade Club, with plenty of money to spend and energy to waste in the service.

A Man Gives Himself

MOST people, however, do not resign themselves to nonentity. Every man who amounts to anything, gives himself in one way or another. There was a retiring student once who practiced nine hours a day on the piccolo, it is said. Naturally he couldn't do that in college at that rate; so they got rid of him. But he landed, as you might expect, in one of America's finest orchestras.

If you want to succeed in music, give yourself to music. If you want to succeed in a business, give yourself to business. Men usually give themselves to what they think is the greatest value. Some give themselves to what they think is a cause